

after day, put a brave face on it all, and only on a few occasions did lie give utterance to his disgust, protesting against the manner in which he was mobbed in the streets, and against the denial of justice which lie encountered in court, where lie claimed the same liberty to defend himself as was accorded to thieves and assassins. At one sitting, when General de Pellieux made a slighting remark, the, novelist turned on him haughtily: "There are several ways of serving France," said he. "A man may do so with the sword or with the pen. If you have won victories, so have I. I bequeath the name of Emile Zola to posterity, which will choose between us!" De Pellieux made no retort to those proud words. In that hour of mendacious triumph he did not foresee the day when he would be virtually disgraced, consigned to an obscure garrison in Brittany, to die there, tortured, as we know, by the deepest remorse. Again, - at one moment towards the close of the trial, when the storm of execration thundered more loudly than usual in Zola's ears, the novelist turned towards the bellows, and with one word branded them: "You cannibals !" he cried, "you cannibals !"

Except on two or three occasions when the rain fell in torrents, great precautions had to be taken for Zola's safety. Senator Eanc, an old conspirator and no mean judge of danger, subsequently stated that to his knowledge

the novelist repeatedly had some very narrow escapes. The carriage in which he drove to and from the Palais de Justice was often pursued by a hostile mob, which the police had to charge and disperse. On some occasions policemen mounted on bicycles escorted the carriage, and Zola was always accompanied by a little body-guard of friends: M. Fasquelle, his